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of Subjects Missionary and Religious

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THE NEW BUILDINGS

By RALPH ADAMS CRAM

TWELVE years ago construction was begun on a comprehensive scheme of building for the mother-house of the American Congregation of the Society of St John the Evangelist at Cambridge, Massachusetts. In that old university town the Fathers had acquired a very desirable piece of land near Harvard College, overlooking the Charles River and with pleasing views of the open country beyond. The plan for the future contemplated a conventual church for the Society, flanked on the south side by the living quarters for the members of the community and on the north side by a wing for retreatants and other guests.

In 1924 the first unit of the guest-house was erected, and five years later the second section of equal size was added. Up to the present time the guest-house has, of necessity, been used as the monastery itself. The great number of applications for the novitiate, as well as the increase in the number of the professed, not to speak of the growing use of the temporary chapel by members of Harvard University and by other externs, have made necessary the continuing of further building operations. A generous gift to the Society now makes possible the erection of the conventual church and the main wing of the monastery in memory of a beloved father and mother. Ground was broken for these new buildings on the feast of Corpus Christi this year, and it is expected that they will be ready for use by Easter in 1937.

The church is planned and designed along strictly monastic lines. It is very simple, solid and austere, with many opportunities for enrichment in the form of altars, shrines and stained-glass windows. The plan comprises a central nave, two-thirds of which is occupied by the monastic choir, the west end forming an ante-chapel for the accommodation of externs. This nave has an apsidal termination giving place for the high altar. There are in the choir thirty stalls for the professed members of the community, together with a lower range of seats for twenty-four novices. In the north aisle is a

Lady Chapel, and on the south side of the choir a slightly larger chapel dedicated to St John the Evangelist. These chapels are separated from the nave by stone piers carrying arches.

Extending under the entire nave of the church is a lower crypt. This, like the upper church, has an apsidal termination with a main altar. Six small side chapels in the crypt will provide additional altars, so necessary in a community where it is the custom for each priest to celebrate Mass daily.

The church is of stone construction, — grey seam-face granite for the exterior, and rough stone whitewashed for the interior. The only dressed stone is in the piers, arches and string courses, and there Indiana lime-stone is used.

Connecting the church and the monastery proper is a tower eighty-nine feet in height, the first floor providing the *statio,* or place of assembly for the community before entering the choir for divine office; and the second floor, the organ chamber.

Generally speaking, the style of the church is more or less Romanesque or Norman. In a sense, this church in point of architectural style is the fourth in a series which began in 1913 with the chapel of St Elizabeth of Hungary at the writer's country place, Whitehall, at Sudbury, Massachusetts. The second in line was the chapel built for the Order of St Anne at St John's House for Children at Arlington Heights, Massachusetts. The third was the chapel for the Order of the Holy Cross at West Park, New York. This church now being erected in Cambridge is in a sense a continuation and development of the same motive.

The first section of the monastery now under construction contains in the basement the kitchen, laundry, storage rooms, refrigerators and heating plant. On the first floor are the sacristies of the church, a choir practice room (to be used temporarily as a common room) and the refectory, with a large serving pantry. The refectory, which is 43′ - 8″ long and 18′ - 6″ wide, will accommodate the full complement of

professed members of the community and the novitiate. On the second floor are eleven cells, two offices, lavatories, and the quarters for the Assistant Superior. The third floor provides six more cells, two offices, the quarters for the Master of Novices, and the novitiate common room. The monastery wing, like the guest-house already erected, is of brick and tile covered with light grey stucco.

Two sides of the cloister are included in the present construction, that adjoining the south side of the church and the one to the east next to the living quarters. Ultimately, there will be added a south wing with the community common room, the Father Superior's quarters and thirteen additional cells; and a west wing along the front of the whole group, to contain the library of the monastery on the upper floor, and the porter's office and a number of reception and conference rooms on the first floor. These two wings, when completed at some future time, will continue the cloister around the central garth.

Though built on a city lot in a populous suburb of Boston, the monastery and the church will have an attractive setting of greenery and garden. In addition to the central cloister garth there will be an enclosed garden to the southwest of the monastery for the use of the community, as well as the guest's garden already constructed in front of the guest-house, — a walled-in, sunken plot with lawn, shrubbery and rock-planting, and a shrine of St Francis.

The guest-house will continue to be known as St Francis' House and will be used as a center for retreats for clergy and laymen and for the Society's work amongst university students.

The Monastery of St Mary and St John will be the legal title of the whole group of buildings which will now comprise the mother-house of the American Congregation of the Society. The conventual church will be dedicated under the invocation of Our Lady Saint Mary the Mother of God. The cornerstone will be laid on August 15, the feast of the Assumption.

SOME CONSIDERATIONS ON PRAYER

By KENNETH A. VIALL, S.S.J.E.

AND it came to pass as he was praying in a certain place, that when he ceased, one of his disciples said unto him, "Lord, teach us to pray." Thus St Luke prefaces in his gospel that formula of prayer which we call the Lord's prayer, or the Our Father. It is significant that the occasion which produced the request for instruction was the example of Jesus praying. Is it not possible that so few requests to be taught to pray come to the clergy to-day for the reason that our people are convinced that we do not know how to pray? It is, one fears, sadly true that clergy and laity are both neglectful of the life of prayer. Lay people are so unfamiliar with the thought of prayer, except at the bedside or in church, that they do not dream of asking the priest to pray or to teach them to pray when he visits. And all too often even zealous priests fear to open the subject lest the resulting embarrassment prevent the good effect of the end thus sought.

It is to be feared that to the ordinary Christian, prayer is an occasional and more or less irregular exercise which has no very obvious connection with life at all. Such a phrase as the "life of prayer" has little meaning for him whatever. He says his prayers night and morning and when he goes to church and receives Holy Communion. They are an occasional exercise depending for their sanction on custom and a vague hope of an answer. There is probably some idea of keeping in touch with God; but God is apparently very far off and well-nigh unknown. The conception of prayer as converse with a present God is lacking.

No wonder then that people often say to themselves or to intimate friends: "I cannot pray any more," — meaning thereby, usually, not that they have entirely given up saying prayers, but that they feel no good from the practice and often neglect it for that reason. Such a widespread attitude and

condition among Christians is appalling, because prayer is one of the highest and most characteristic marks of the religion of Christ.

Prayer occupies this distinguished position in the Christian religion in the first place because it was characteristic of our Lord's life here on earth. Some of the most modern and critical theologians may be quoted in support of this statement. Heiler says: "Jesus is the inauguration of a new epoch in the history of true interior prayer." Archbishop Söderbloom: "Genuinely interior or personal prayer is really the creation of Jesus." Professor Wernle: "History records no one who prayed with such power as Jesus." Höffding: "The prayer of Jesus in Gethsemane is the most profoundly religious utterance that has ever been spoken." Moreover, the Gospels agree in portraying our Lord's earthly life as a life of prayer. The prayer of Jesus to his Father is in its deepest ground a constant experience and realization of an essential unity and an absolutely unique Sonship. Some one has said of Jesus that he was the first human being not only to call God Father but always to act in that relationship. The sole and singular object of our Lord's prayer was the will of his Father. He taught, moreover, not only that we should pray, but that we should pray with boundless confidence. For Jesus asserts the omnipotence of prayer, basing it upon the omnipotence of God; but note that this equation requires the further equation that *man's will* is the same as *God's will.* It is plain that this involves the highest personal energy to conform my will to the will of God. This is indeed one reason why prayer is so much neglected: viz. that it is found to require an appreciable effort.

Not only is prayer characteristic of our Lord's life and example, but it can be shown to be essential to the idea of religion conceived as a personal relationship to God. A relationship with any person which involved only a vague acknowledgment of his existence at a distance, and the

acceptance of his bounty as a matter of course without thought of thanks or of obligation in return, would be rightly considered a poor relationship. The concept of God as Friend and Lover depends absolutely upon the idea of prayer, upon the possibility of an intimate personal converse between the soul of man and God. Indeed one may truly say that such a relationship is fundamentally necessary to the Christian life. Without it there is no such life. People who think they can not or do not pray are mistaken. No one can live spiritually without prayer. If the soul is alive at all it must be praying. Prayer is as essential to the spiritual life as breathing is to the physical. Without it life ceases. Of the two necessities for the maintenance of the physical life, — air and food, — the supply of the one is controlled by involuntary activity of the organism, the other by voluntary. For the life of the spirit also there are two necessary activities: prayer, which is the breathing of the soul; and the sacraments, which are the food of the soul. It is no good forcing food into a body which has ceased to breathe. It is as useless to receive the sacraments when the soul has ceased to pray. The body deprived of food may continue to live, weak and wretched for a time, but the end is certain; so the soul refusing sacraments must eventually succumb.

The Christian religion is ideally designed by God our Creator to fit the conditions of the life of His creatures. In the Christian religion the powers and faculties which He has given us can be brought to the highest degree of functioning in the fulfilment of His will. Thus man can have three kinds of experience with other persons: personal, private, and public. Personal experience is that shared by no other human being; private, that shared by one other; public, that shared by every competent observer. In these three kinds of experience the Christian religion affords the highest form. The highest form of personal experience is prayer; of private experience, holy matrimony; of public experience, Christian

worship in the sacramental life. It is beyond the scope of this paper to treat of all these, but prayer is first and most important. We noted above that of the two necessities of the organism for physical life, one — the supply of oxygen drawn by breathing from the air — is controlled by an automatic functioning, or at least by one below the level of consciousness. In the spiritual realm both necessities — prayer and the life of sacramental worship — function as the result of a conscious process. Perhaps this is a result of the Fall. It may be that had Adam not sinned, his descendants would have prayed as naturally as they breathe. Be that as it may, it is certain that we have to learn to pray; and it is the purpose of these articles to show how we may not only learn, but also teach others the art of prayer.

The two forces still struggling within Christianity to-day are the tendency to over-emphasize the individual relationship of the soul to God (roughly characteristic of Protestantism), and the tendency to over-emphasize the corporate relationship of men to God (roughly characteristic of Romanism). But the true Catholicism will have none of this business of *either or*. If one must choose, one is safer choosing prayer, the personal relationship; but it is not necessary to choose. One may have both. Indeed one must have both if one is to be growing toward the "measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

(To be continued)

GUY DE FONTGALLAND

By J. V. WRIGHT

TOO often we think of saints as demi-gods. This attitude is quite un-Christian and untrue. Rather they are our friends who pray for us and who in their earthly life, by their active faith and love, became like God so that they could draw us with them nearer to God Himself. Sanctity has as many forms as there are human individualities, and is ever revealing new aspects of holiness. This cloud of witnesses, moreover, is never completed. Each generation adds numbers to the ever increasing list. Some of these are known and some unknown.

At the present time the eyes of the Christian world are being directed to a little Parisian boy by the name of Guy de Fontgalland. Whether or not this child will be honored with canonization by the Roman Church is for papal authority to decide; but certainly he has many lessons to teach us, and we can not but be grateful that God has set him in our midst. We are reminded of our Lord's object lesson to his disciples when he took a little child and set him in their midst.

In this article* it will be possible only to sketch the outline of Guy's life and comment on the more outstanding truths to which he calls our attention. Guy de Fontgalland was born in Paris on November 30, 1913, of noble parentage. His father, we are told, was descended from an old military family of nobles who had distinguished themselves through many generations in the service of God and their country; and Guy's courage and his loyalty to his ideals, as well as his manliness and the virile quality of his devotion, evidence this nobility of character.

It is related that his mother before her marriage had felt the call to the contemplative life and would have been a

*Based on *The Life of Guy de Fontgalland* by Gaetan Bernoville. Translated from the French by the Rev. D. H. Buckley: Burns Oates & Washbourne Ltd., London.

Carmelite had her health permitted. It is from her, no doubt, that Guy inherited his fine spiritual nature which was so marvelously developed by sanctifying grace during the short span of his earthly life.

Thus Guy was born and reared in a truly cultured devout Christian family. But there was not a trace of sanctimonious unction in the home atmosphere, though his mother firmly believed that God should come first and firmly sought to instil this thought in the child's mind from babyhood. The fact that the first word Guy said was "Jesus" rather than the customary "Mama" was not a sentimental idea of his mother's but the carrying out of a principle. He was taught also to behold the universe from a spiritual rather than from a materialistic standpoint. For example, when he was three, his nurse took the child in her arm and stepping to the window, on a beautiful summer night, when the sky was studded with stars and the moon was shining brightly, told him that those beautiful luminaries were made by Jesus. "Oh!" cried the child, "Guy is happy because all those lovely things belong to little Jesus!" In a similar way he was told of our Lady's love for him and of her protection over him; and throughout his life he thought of her as the mother of little Jesus and his "heavenly mama".

These brief glimpses into his early training help us to understand the Christian atmosphere which surrounded him. Religion was an integral part of his life, and many of his remarks and observations were ordinary and typical of any Catholic child. But what was extraordinary was his clear insight into the spiritual realities of ordinary Christian acts, and his keen perception of spiritual values. For example, during the end of 1924 he used to go to Holy Communion every other day. One day he was so disobedient that his mother forbade him to communicate the next day. That morning he dressed, had his breakfast and went off to school. But as he went out he said to his mother, "It doesn't really

hurt, you know, when you stop me going to Holy Communion. Little Jesus and I love one another, and we can always make our own arrangements!" The child knew the value of spiritual communion and also seemed to sense the truth that we do not go to Holy Communion because we are worthy, as a reward for being good, but as a means of grace, because we are unworthy, because we realize our need of God and know that only through union with Him can we have strength to be better.

When Guy was three his little brother Mark was born, and the story of their affection for each other and the contrasts of these two characters form a charming and touching picture; but there is not space here to touch upon this phase of his life, nor to follow him during his school days which were for him an opportunity for mortification and a discipline which he accepted with sweetness and humility.

Although most children are naturally humble, Guy possessed this virtue to a remarkable degree. Much also has been written about Guy's purity; and, though some of the incidents related to prove this point seem to suggest a Puritan prudishness, there can be no doubt about the intrinsic purity of the boy's thoughts and the true Christian purity of his intention.

But perhaps the greatest lesson Guy has to teach us is his fearless attitude in the face of death. To Guy, death was only the door to a fuller, richer, more complete union with God. Guy was in no sense a morbid child. In fact his observations regarding death and the hints he threw out regarding his own premature death were uttered in the midst of such ordinary childish occupations as horse-riding on a chair or playing with his meccano; and, while they were disconcerting for the moment to those who heard them, they were soon forgotten or dismissed as of little importance because scarcely had he uttered them than he would caper about and again devote himself to his playthings. One of these incidents was not without its humor. It occurred one August when the family

were spending the summer at the ancestral chateau at Die. Guy, being naturally inquisitive, started out to do a bit of exploring about the old house and to his delight found a skull. This grisly relic, M. Bernoville tells us, doubtless came from the campaigns of Napoleon and belonged to an ancestor, an army doctor. But Guy seized it eagerly, washed it and polished it and set it in a place of honor in the nursery. His governess, however, was horrified at the sight of such an object. "Guy, you are mad!" she cried. "No, Mademoiselle, it is you who are mad to be frightened at that! Whether you like it or not, you will be like that one day!" Later in 1923, when his maternal grandfather died, while his mother and all the family were weeping he climbed on to the death bed and astonished but not shocked to find the face cold, said, "It's no use crying, Little grandpa is in Heaven, near the good Jesus. Death is only the door he had to go through to get there."

As we have noted earlier in this account Guy made his communions frequently. In accordance with the regulation of Pius X for the communion of children, Guy after serious preparation and with much love and devotion made his first communion at the age of seven. That evening when his mother put him to bed she inquired what he had asked Jesus for. Guy's answer was, "I asked for nothing at all. It was Jesus who spoke. I listened and just said 'Yes.' " His mother of course, was anxious to know more, but Guy dropped his long lashes over his blue eyes and remained silent, and his mother, respecting his interior reserve, left him to his dreams. Another incident occurred later which he also refused to share with his mother. This was in 1924 when his parents took him to Lourdes. With them he visited the Grotto, and several times he went there alone. On the eve of their departure for Paris, as he folded his napkin at the dinner table, he said, "Our Lady has told me a secret." "Tell me quickly what it's

all about, darling," said his mother. "No, secrets are for two, not three. I shan't tell."

On November 30, 1924, Guy was eleven. The occasion was celebrated by a family party, and there was much glee amidst the joyful popping of champagne corks. Then a few days later, on the night of the vigil of the Immaculate Conception, Guy was suddenly taken ill with a burning fever. The family doctor was summoned, and he diagnosed the case diphtheria and called in two specialists, though later not a trace of diphtheria could be found. Guy, although he suffered intensely was perfectly calm and resigned after his first burst of confidence to his mother who devoted herself constantly to him. "Mammy," he said, "come and hug me tight, for I must tell you a secret that's going to make you cry. I'm going to die. When I was seven little Jesus told me He would take me, that I should die young. And at Lourdes, our Lady said, 'My dear little Guy, I shall come soon to take you. You are going to die young. I shall come looking for you to carry you off to heaven.' " Anxious weeks passed in the struggle against illness and death. For a time he improved and was even able to get up and play with his toys. But he himself was not deceived by this improvement. An eminent specialist who questioned Guy about his illness said afterwards, "I've looked after a great number of children, but I have never met another who suffered so much yet answered so calmly, readily, and to the point. What hardihood in the face of death, and what an example this child of eleven gives to us!" Speaking of his suffering, he said to his mother "When my heart hurts and beats too fast, and I feel as if it's going to break in two, I say to little Jesus, 'Calm it, you who are inside it.' I'm not afraid of anything, not even death, because it's the door that leads to Heaven." Finally, on January 24th, his last day dawned. Guy asked his mother what day it was and when she told him he said, "Oh, Saturday. Then it's to-day that I'm going to die. To-

day is our Lady's day, and she is going to come and take me in her arms." About noon Guy asked for some holy water, but found he could not swallow it. He recognized this as a sign and turning to his father said, "Daddy, telephone quickly for my confessor. I'm going to die. Ask him to come and give me extreme unction at once." When his confessor arrived Guy recognized him. The rite of unction began, and as the sublime prayers of the Church for a departing soul ascended amidst the sobs of the onlookers the child looking up smiled once more and they heard these words, "Jesus . . . I love you . . . Mammy!" Then he died.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AT ST JOHN'S*

By EVERETT TITCOMB

WHEN I read the Father Superior's announcement in *The Messenger* that last Sunday would be the twenty-fifth anniversary of my coming to St John's Church as choirmaster, the thought occurred to me that at the usual supper after service that evening, besides expressing my gratitude to the Fathers of the Society of St John the Evangelist for the privilege of having been allowed to serve here for so long a time, and thanking you, the members of the choir, for your unfailing loyalty and friendship, I might tell you a little of the history of St John's choir during these twenty-five years, and a few personal reminiscences.

Accordingly, I wrote down most of what here follows, but as you know, I did not read it to you. The tribute paid me, — unworthy as I am of it, was so complete a surprise, that I was literally speechless; and I can only hope that my inarticulate thanks conveyed something of what it was in my heart to say. All the honor is equally due to you. It is your loyalty and your unselfish giving of your time and best efforts to the work of the choir which have made the music here worthy of its purpose. I thank you once more. My great hope is that we may continue to work happily together for many more years. Now for the memoirs I did not read to you last Sunday evening.

Many years ago, when I was a boy singing soprano in the choir of the parish church of my home town, I first heard of this beloved Church of St John the Evangelist. A relative of mine, who had been baptized in this building, at the time when it was the Church of the Advent, often spoke of the

*A paper read in the Guild Room at St John's, Boston, on November 10, 1935.

"old" church on Bowdoin Street and the "new" church "down the hill," (i.e. the present Church of the Advent on Brimmer Street,) saying that while the "new" church doubtless was more beautiful, there was no place like the "old" church. When my voice changed and I could no longer sing in the choir as a boy, I began to play the organ, first in the Sunday School and then at the regular services of the church. A little later, I came to Boston for a few organ lessons with the late Mr S. B. Whitney, at that time organist and choirmaster at the Church of the Advent and a well known teacher. It was then that I sought out this "old" church of which I had so often heard, and from the moment I entered its doors I loved it.

For a few seasons before coming here as choirmaster, I had served in a similar capacity at the Church of the Messiah, Auburndale, and at Christ Church, Andover. As I was able, I came here to St John's for week-day services and sometimes brought with me a few of my choir-boys. One of these occasions was that of Father Burton's ordination to the priesthood. It was through one of these boys, who made himself known to Father Tovey and told him that I was an organist, that I was asked to play the organ here for the noon-day Lenten services that season. It was then that I first had the privilege of meeting Father Field and Father Powell. Not long after that, my predecessor here, the late Dr Mitchell, went to England, and the position of choirmaster was made vacant. Chiefly through the influence of Father Powell, I was then offered the post. Needless to say, loving this church as I already did, I accepted, — although I had just begun my second year at Christ Church, Andover, and had to do considerable work scurrying about to secure a substitute for the position there. However, that was done; and I began my work here on the first of November, 1910. Musically it was not a step in advance, for the choir and music here had been greatly neglected; but there was something else, — the atmos-

phere of Catholic worship, and the Real Presence of Almighty God. I knew that these were the essentials, and felt that given time enough and the opportunity, I could build up an efficient choir and render music which was beautiful and of artistic merit, without lavish expenditure of money, and without sacrificing that quality of devotion and worship, apart from which no church music is worthy of the name. To do this has been slow work, but we are all here to-day, twenty-five years later, doing just that, thanks to Father Burton's interest in all that is finest in music and to his allowing me the freedom necessary in carrying on the work of the choir.

The choir and music on All Saints' Sunday in 1910 were in most decided contrast to what we have the present time. The lumbering old organ was then in the left-hand corner of the chancel, where the Chapel of Christ the King now is. It had a rattling heavy tracker-action, with notes always sticking and squeeling at inopportune times, and a pedal keyboard upon which one actually had to jump with all one's might and weight to make the notes sound. The wheezy bellows were pumped by a water motor in the acolytes room below, which was always freezing up in winter, and at all times was likely to come on with a rush and thumps and bangs as if the roof had fallen in. The choir was also in the chancel and was composed of about a dozen boys with nondescript voices, and five men. There were two or three women who sat in the front pew of the congregation. They were supposed to help the boys, who certainly needed help. One of these ladies is still with us, — Mrs Downes, and one of the men, Mr Parsons. He wore a Van Dyke beard in those days and looked to me much older than he does to-day. Three of the men who sang in the choir that first Sunday, have passed to their rest: Mr Biagiotti, a bass, whom I did not get to know very well; Mr George Cooper, (by his will, a benefactor of the S.S.J.E.), and Mr Harry Dean, who died in the service of his country during the World War. The other man was Mr Ward

Cameron, then an undergraduate at Harvard. He is now the Vicar of All Saints' Church, Whetstone, — a suburb of London, England. Father Cameron is a good Catholic and doing fine work in his parish. I have visited him and his family in London, several times, and he has never forgotten the days he spent in the choir here. At that time he and Mr Dean, (who was in the office of Cram & Ferguson, the distinguished architects,) were close friends and greatly interested in plainchant. I owe much to their encouragement in my attempts to introduce the use of the chant here. The only plainchant which had been used here was psalm-tones at Evensong, and a hybrid sort of setting for the antiphon "Like as the hart," which we sang Sunday after Sunday as an introit.

To go back to that All Saints' Sunday of 1910. In those days we had a solemn procession before the high Mass on all festivals; and for the processional hymn that day we sang "For all the Saints" to Barnby's well-known tune. The *Asperges* was not sung. For the introit we had the above mentioned "Like as the hart." The Mass was Woodward in E flat. If you do not know "Woodward in E flat," it is just as well! That service and Merbecke's was the entire repertoire of the choir. In the evening, there was another solemn procession, and Evensong, with the proper psalms sung to the usual Gregorian tones, and the *Magnificat,* to a strange tone called the "Tonus Regius." I have never learned the source of that tone. The *Nunc Dimittis* was sung to the sixth tone, — how I happen to remember that, I don't know, but I do so recall. What I remember most vividly of that day is my anxiety lest I come in at the wrong time, or slip up on the psalms. You see, I had come straight from playing at the lowest of "low-church" services, and things here were done differently. I remember also that after the services were over, Mr Le Buff encouraged me by saying that he thought things had gone very well. He was the warden of St Vincent's

Guild, at the time, I think; and I admired his dignified way of serving in the sanctuary. Altogether, it was an exciting day for me, although not too satisfactory from a musical standpoint.

With the first festival over, and ambitious to improve the music here, I began at once to prepare for the Christmas services. I had been given no definite instructions as to what was desired, and went ahead with rehearsals. The proper of the Mass was not sung, nor any motets. The choir library consisted of some odds and ends of Anglican communion services, none usable, since they had no *Benedictus* nor *Agnus Dei* included. There were a few dilapidated copies of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* and Helmore's *Psalter,* — about the worst Psalter ever published. There was also Woodward in E flat, Merbecke's Service, and a manuscript book of Christmas carol tunes. The words were printed on leaflets for both choir and the congregation, and they all had to learn the music by rote. The choir room was used as a general storage warehouse. There was an ancient square piano minus pedals and with broken wires, and a few benches. All about was piled up everything not needed at the moment elsewhere, — tables, chairs, boards, boxes, etc., and the music cabinets and lockers were filled with junk and debris of every description. It is only within a few years that I have finally succeeded in having all the rubbish disposed of, and as our library has grown, to get it in fairly good order and catalogued. However, as I started to say, I began to prepare for my first Christmas services here. I bought a new Mass — that is, new to the choir here, — one by an Anglican composer, Redhead, which was popular at the time in many places. It was the usual type of Anglican music, not bad of its kind, but a far cry from the music we use here to-day. Throughout that Advent season we sang Merbecke, so that we might have time at rehearsals to prepare for the coming festival, and at Christmas we blossomed out with the new

Mass. We sang it that once, — and only that once! — even though several of the acolytes and members of the congregation expressed to me their pleasure and satisfaction. Unfortunately, — or perhaps fortunately as things have turned out, — the *Credo* of that Mass was long and florid. Never since that Christmas Day of 1910 have we sung a long and florid setting of the Creed at St John's, and I am now wholly of the opinion that such settings of the Creed are inappropriate. The Creed should be sung by all the people. At any rate, about the middle of the Creed that day, Father Field beckoned me to stop. Of course I couldn't stop, nor could I understand what was wrong. I was confused and disturbed, but we finished the Creed and the rest of the Mass went very well. After the service was over, Father Field and Father Powell spoke to me very kindly and explained that the music in the future must be wholly congregational in character. I can recall Father Field saying to me, "We cannot have music like that, — terrible, terrible, it is like the Church of the Advent!" Although not so intended, that was in a way a compliment, for at that time the choir of the Church of the Advent was considered the finest in Boston. Of course I was disappointed and upset by all this, but I had sense enough to realize that it was my duty to obey orders and prepare as best I could, the type of music desired by the Father Superior.

So we went on singing Merbecke and Woodward in E flat, and the familiar ditties in *Hmyns Ancient and Modern.* As I now look back over the years I think that my being curbed by Father Field from doing that sort of music was the best thing that could have happened to me. Had I been allowed to go on along those musical lines unhampered, we might still be doing the same old Victorian stuff.

The following year, 1911, Father Bull was sent from Cowley to be the Superior here in Boston. He was a plainchant enthusiast and introduced the exclusive use of plainchant for the music of the Mass. As is so often the case with

musically inclined priests, Father Bull was more the scholar than the practical musician. He had a fine knowledge of the subject and sang the plainchant beautifully, but he was not by nature a choir director, nor did he understand the problems involved in teaching a choir and congregation to sing and like a kind of music which was in an idiom totally new to them. He procured from England the first copies of the Plainsong of Mediaeval Music Society's publication *The Ordinary of the Mass* which we are still using, and came often to the choir room to instruct us. His singing of the few melodies we first tried to learn, gave me my first real insight of the proper "flow" and free-rhythm of plainchant. He was, however, strong for congregational singing; but in spite of his efforts there was little of it when the chant was first introduced. It was rather a duet by Father Bull and Mr Parsons who stood in the midst of the church as precentors. The people had sung lustily on the Woodward in E flat and the Merbecke, but this was something new, and how they hated it and threatened to leave the church. But we kept on, and little by little we improved. It was while Father Bull was here, that we had two new choir members enrolled whose help was of the greatest value to us, our beloved cantor, Mr Bonney, and the late Mr William Griffin. Mr. Bonney sang as a boy in my choir in Auburndale, — was the soprano soloist there, — and his voice having settled down after the changing period, he came here to St John's. Ever since, his work has been of inestimable worth in the choir. I doubt if there is in America a singer able and willing to sing all the florid solo parts in the plainchant proper of the Mass as he does. All that I personally owe to him and what he has done for the music here cannot be put into words. At about the same time, Mr Griffin, who had attended this church as a boy, serving both in the choir and at the altar, returned to Boston to go into business, after having studied singing in Italy and being several years with various opera companies in this country.

He gave his time and interest freely to the choir here and became one of my best friends. With his fine baritone voice, sterling character and genial personality, he endeared himself to all and was a great acquisition to the choir. During the last few years of his life, he resided so far out of town that he felt obliged to give up regular choir work; but he sang with us on special occasions and showed the greatest interest in watching us grow. His passing on is a great loss to us and to all who knew him, — a beautiful singer, a Catholic churchman, a Christian gentleman.

By the time Father Bull returned to England, the opposition to plainsong was less pronounced, though many of the congregation still rebelled. During the next nine years, the work of the choir here was a series of "ups and downs," mostly "downs". The congregational singing movement was in full sway. There was no music permitted which could possibly interest a choir. The boys were paid a little and of course stayed on, but they did little except fill the seats in the chancel and smash up the furniture in the basement. It got to be a joke the way pianos got smashed up in the schoolroom. Someone would have an old square piano they wanted to get rid of, and it would be sent here. In almost no time, it would be utterly useless, and have to be carted off to the dump, if the Morgan Memorial would not take it for the old wood and iron in it. A few of the men remained, but many left, and the trend musically was down and down. The music was just about as bad as it could be, with the possible exception of the hymn-singing by the people. They did make a lot of noise, and sometimes it was impressive. All this time, what little there was to keep I kept going as a choir; but my chief interests in music were gradually withdrawn from the choir work to things outside the church, and I occupied myself with study, composition of secular music, and teaching. Nevertheless, back in my mind was always the hope that I might someday be allowed to direct music here which would be truly artistic

and yet devotional, and that I might build up a fine choir in this church.

In the effort to have congregational singing, many experiments were tried out. We had a row of women in the front pew, we had them in the balcony which was formerly over the right-hand side of the chancel, and we tried having the whole choir in the gallery. With the organ in the chancel, that gave some weird effects, and did not last long. The experiment of having a few women who really could sing sit behind the organ, out of sight, — but not out of mind, — in the corner of the chancel, proved the most satisfactory arrangement, and one which we continued for some time. Sister Cecile, of the Order of St Anne, sang with the other women there, and her help was greatly appreciated. She has a small voice of a very lovely quality and is a good musician. By this time, the number of small boys had been reduced and we had new recruits (men) from time to time. For the most part, however the choir and music had reached low-water mark, with the boys singing any old way, the clergy singing *their* way, and the congregation *another* way, and then there was Miss Palmer. She too, has gone to her rest. For the benefit of those who do not remember Miss Palmer, I might say that she was a large lady with a coal-black wig and an idea. The idea was that she was a great prima donna. She always insisted upon sitting in the front pew, near the pulpit and organ, on the centre aisle. It was amusing and sometimes a little shocking to watch her determined efforts to secure that seat, even if she had to push aside one of the Sisters of St Margaret in order to get it. She was firmly convinced that if she were not there to lead the singing, there would be none at all. One Sunday after Mass, when I first came here, she spoke to me as I was leaving the church, saying, — "I wish to thank you for playing my accompaniments so beautifully." I was rather taken back, for I could not recall ever having seen her before. Later I understood what she meant. *She*

had been singing the Mass and I had been accompanying her! I remember also that after Mr Bonney had been here for a while, she said to me one day, "Do you know, that young Bonney has improved a great deal since he has been singing with me, why, today he got several notes right exactly with *me*." And so we went on! In spite of all the discouragements and seeming lack of musical progress, those years were of genuine benefit to me. I learned that the church was not dependent upon a choir or music and that to a great many people music is not necessary to spiritual growth. There was time, too, for my own taste in church music to develop, slowly thereby becoming more discriminating, and I made many contacts here which have enriched my life.

Eleven years ago, Father Burton returned from San Francisco, having been elected Superior of the Society. Very soon after his return he summoned me, together with Mr Bonney, to the Mission House for dinner and a conference upon the choir and music. I shall never forget his kindness and complete understanding of the situation, nor my joy at the realization that at last I could at least make a beginning towards realizing some of my dreams. There are no people of wealth in the congregation here and so very little money could be spent, but I was to be allowed the freedom of building up what I could within the proper limits.

One of the first steps was to get rid of the small boys and have them trained as acolytes. We then decided to have the women only on special occasions, and devoted most of the time at rehearsals in the serious study and practice of plainsong. By this time I had given much study to the subject and been twice to Europe where I had heard it properly sung. In a few seasons we had become quite proficient, and the choir had grown constantly until we had enough men's voices to make a beginning at some simple part singing. The first thing of that sort which we learned, was a little three part arrangement of the alternate verses of the Magnificat, which I wrote

out for lack of something better, and which we sang for the first time on Holy Saturday several years ago. We still sing it frequently, but I have now transposed it for a mixed choir. A number of people who had been pining for some "harmony" seemed quite thrilled by this simple bit. Encouraged by this, I set about composing a Mass for Male voices, which I called *Missa Sancti Johannis Evangelisti* and which was sung several times by the men's choir before the mixed choir was organized and the organ rebuilt in the gallery. Since that time most of you know the progress which has been made. We have a good repertory of Masses, motets and Benediction music. Many of the works we sing are commonly sung nowhere else in America, while on the other hand some of the compositions which were written especially for your use here are becoming known quite widely, as for instance, the Whitsuntide motet, "I will not leave you comfortless" which is being sung by many of the best known choirs in this country. It was also sung at the Wellesley Conference a year ago, and next summer it is scheduled for performance at the Festival of English Church Music, with 4,000 voices at the Crystal Palace in London. I am told that this will be the first time the work of an American composer has been given at these Festivals, which are conducted biannually, by Dr Sidney Nicholson, formerly the choirmaster of Westminster Abbey. Also a number of Tenebrae Responsoria by sixteenth century composers have been done here for the first time in America. I know that you all enjoy these things as much as I do, and that you are thankful, as I am, to Father Burton for making them possible. Once more, I thank you all.

IN MEMORIAM

Mother Susanna Margaret, S.S.M.

June 15, 1936

MOTHER Susanna Margaret, by her wisdom, her devotion, and her sanctity enriched not only her own Sisterhood of St Margaret's, but also all religious communities and especially the Society of St John the Evangelist.

The Fathers who came to America from Cowley in 1872 induced the Sisters of St Margaret at East Grinstead to send Sisters to this country the following year. They came to Boston primarily to care for the Children's Hospital. It was while in charge of that hospital that Sister Susanna was elected to be the Mother Superior. That was twenty-six years ago. During her long tenure of office, to which she was reëlected every three years, she extended the work of the Sisters of St Margaret in the United States, in Canada and in Haiti. Her great contribution was not so much in extending the work as in intensifying the spiritual life, first of herself, then of her Sisters, and then of all who came in contact with her. Through this deepening of spirituality she was able by the grace of God to unify her community. After many years of patient and unswerving effort she managed to abolish the status of lay Sisters, so that all Sisters of St Margaret came to wear the same habit, live by the same rule, and have equal rights in chapter. The unity of her Sisters was, however, deeper than that of status and of rights. They were all of one heart and of one mind. Each continued to "have a mind of her own," but each and all had the mind of the Reverend Mother, for she had the "mind of Christ."

The Sisters of St Margaret in this country have always worked with the members of the Society of St John the Evangelist. For many years they worked as mission Sisters at the Church of St John the Evangelist, Boston. Unhappily for us in the S.S.J.E., they gave up that work, although they

ıave always continued to be communicant members of St ohn's Church and worship with us there. Their good work ımongst the colored people at the Chuch of St Augustine and ſt Martin has never been interrupted. Recently, the Sisters ſf St Margaret, under the direction of Mother Susanna, herelf a Canadian, founded a mission house at Bracebridge, Ontario. There the Sisters work with and under the direction ſf the Fathers of the Canadian Province of our Society.

From the arrival of the Sisters of St Margaret in this country n 1873 until about twenty years ago they had as their chapains general in this country some Father of our Society. That ntimate connection was unfortunately interrupted. It was Mother Susanna who restored the old relationship between ur two communities by securing the election of our present Superior, Father Burton, as the Chaplain General of St Margaret's. He had the great privilege of being associated vith her frequently and closely during her last years of illness nd suffering. He beheld the Passion of Christ reproduced in ıer body and in her soul. When her heroic spirit finally scaped from her diseased body on June 15, 1936, he could ay for her what she would not have thought of saying for ıerself, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

"Rest eternal grant unto her, O Lord; and may light perpetual shine upon her. Amen."

COMMUNITY NOTES

CAMBRIDGE

AT the triennial Greater Chapter of the Society, held after the summer retreat in July, Father Burton was reëlected Superior of the American Congregation for another term and was installed in that office at the mother-house in Cambridge.

✠

THE annual retreat brought several of our brethren home from other houses of the Society as they could be spared from their duties there. The retreat this year was conducted by Father Dale, the Superior of the Pacific Province.

✠

WE rejoice to record the profession of another Father in the Society. The Reverend Earle Hewitt Maddux made his life vows during the High Mass at the Church of St John the Evangelist, Boston, on July 19, the sixth Sunday after Trinity.

✠

ON June 27, Brother Donald, having completed his novice-ship, was admitted to annual vows in the chapel at St Francis' House, Cambridge. The Brother is one of three of our Brothers who have found their vocation to the Religious Life in the Pacific Province of our Society and have come to Cambridge for their training.

✠

IT has now become our custom for those of the brethren who are as yet under annual vows to renew their vows on May 5, the eve of our patronal festival of St John before the Latin Gate. At the mother-house in Cambridge and at our San Francisco and Bracebridge houses several of our Fathers and Brothers thus renewed their dedication this year.

✠

ON Corpus Christi, June 11, ground was broken in Cambridge for our new conventual church and a large wing of the monastery. After the sung Mass of the feast, all of the

community at home proceeded to the spot where the new church is to be erected. Beginning with the Father Superior, each turned over a spadeful of earth. For several weeks afterwards we had to endure much confusion and the noise of machinery, — of steam shovels greedily eating into the earth and filling many trucks with the excavated material, and suction pumps draining the water from some ninety or more deep holes dug for concrete caissons. Now all that is over, the foundation walls are up, and the masons are laying the walls of church and monastery. The work will not be completed until much before the end of next Lent.

✠

We believe that all of our friends will rejoice with us that the church and further building of the monastery for which we have so long hoped and prayed are about to materialize, and we ask your continued prayers it will be a spiritual house and that God will accept it to His greater glory. The church will be dedicated to Our Lady under her title of Mother of God.

✠

The Monastery of St Mary and St John will be the title of our mother-house in Cambridge in the future. Strictly speaking, only monks may be thought of as living in monasteries, and technically the Fathers of the Society of St John the Evangelist are not monks but clerks regular. Actually, in America, any house in which religious live is now spoken of as a monastery or convent. The Carmelites, who are friars and not monks, live in monasteries; and the Passionists, who, like the Fathers of the S.S.J.E., are clerks regular, live across the river from us on one of the hills of Brighton in the Monastery of St Gabriel.

It perhaps will not be necessary in conversation always to mention the double dedication of our monastery; colloquially, it may be referred to as St Mary's Monastery. Our guest-house will continue to be placed under the patronage of St Francis.

We are indebted to Mr Ralph Adams Cram for the descriptive article about the new buildings which appears elsewhere in this number of Cowley, and to Cram & Ferguson for the beautiful sketch illustrating the article.

✤

Through the great kindness and generosity of some friends of the Society, we were offered the use of a house in the country during the summer months, and this has much reduced the congestion at Cambridge during the building operations. The Misses Emery of West Newbury, Massachusetts, have placed at our disposal their summer home and a part of their farm which is most pleasantly situated on the banks of the Merrimack River in West Newbury. The house, which is nearly two hundred years old, is commodious enough to take our entire novitiate, so most of our novices are spending the summer months there with the Master of Novices, engaged in a life of prayer and manual labor on the farm. Since West Newbury is only forty miles from Cambridge and Boston, the farm has managed to keep us all well supplied with fresh vegetables. ✤

We cannot conclude our Cambridge notes without paying a tribute to Robert Leavens who was our cook at St Francis' House and a loyal friend for many years. He was taken suddenly ill with pneumonia on the eve of Palm Sunday and died the following Tuesday. A Requiem Mass "of the day of death" was sung at St Francis' House on Wednesday in Holy Week, and on Maundy Thursday the Burial Office and Absolutions of the Dead were said at the Church of St John the Evangelist in Boston.

All who have been guests or callers at St Francis' House during the past fifteen years have known Leavens and experienced something of his unfailing geniality and helpfulness. Will they and all who here read of his passing, of their charity say a prayer for the happy repose of his soul? May he rest in peace.

BRACEBRIDGE

THE Bishop has asked the Society to take over three more missions, — Port Sydney, Newholm and Ilfracomb. The mission fund of the diocese of Algoma can no longer afford to keep a resident priest in them. There is a good parsonage at Port Sydney, and some of the community moved there in July and will work the adjacent missions from that point. Port Sydney is on lovely little Mary Lake, the gem of Muskoka, and there is good accommodation for summer visitors in a number of boarding houses. The church is very pretty and quite old for this part of the world. There are three services every Sunday and a daily Mass.

✤

THE Sisters of St Margaret have acquired a farm house near their convent in Bracebridge. They hope eventually to have a folk school to which women and girls may be invited for periods of a week to a month in order to take training in domestic work. We hope in this way to improve living conditions in the district and to introduce some handicrafts. The Sisters will need help in this venture and hope that their friends will interest others in it. There must be a number of people who might not be particularly interested in the religious side of our work but who would be glad to help in the work of improving the home life of our people.

✤

THE Fathers and Brothers have bought the farm adjacent to our house. We have needed more land for some time. We have cows, a herd of goats, pigs, chickens and bees; and we hope to raise some of the feed for them, as well as our own vegetables. We hope to be able to give the example of a tidy and well managed farm.

✤

WE now have a delivery wagon. It looks rather like a hearse. It serves many purposes. In it we bring from the city old clothes and many other things for our Sunshine store. We

gather up gifts of vegetables from our people. We sometimes put a cot in it and convey sick persons to and from the hospital, and in case of need we can use it to carry a load of children to a picnic. We shall sometimes use it to go on mission trips, in which case we can sleep in it.

✤

THE novitiate keeps on growing, and we shall be glad of the extra accommodation offered by the Port Sydney parsonage.

✤

WE are very busy these summer days in getting out among our people in their homes. Hundreds of visits are made by the Fathers and Brothers and Sisters. House services are held in various places, and there will be a steady stream of picnics and garden parties in one or another of our thirty or more missions. The Sisters are holding sewing and cooking classes and prayer meetings. The Sisters of St John the Divine are helping in our northern missions. They have had a number of cases of illness among our people to deal with. The Sisters of St Margaret have had their little convalescent ward fully occupied ever since winter. Even with all these workers the district is so large and the people so scattered that we cannot do all that is needed.

✤

FATHER Serson and Father Morley have been on missions in Wolfe Island for three weeks. Father Palmer and Father Serson went on a visit to British Columbia in July to conduct several retreats. Father Loosemore has been doing a lot of house-to-house mission work. A log church is being built at Allans' Corners.

JAPAN

AT the end of January, the American members of the Province of the Far East moved into a foreign style house in the city of Tokyo. Soon afterward the Japanese Fathers and Mr Nuki, our Postulant, left Musashi Sakai to

ocate in Kiryu, a large and growing silk manufacturing town
o the north of Tokyo, about three hours by railway from the
apital. These changes were the result of thorough discussion
nd careful consideration of the best way to take advantage
f the two definite offers of work made to the Fathers by the
ishop of North Tokyo.

✣

In regular residence at Kiryu are Father Sakurai, in charge
f the house; Father Kimura, priest-in-charge of St Thomas'
Mission Church; Father Takeda; and Mr Nuki. Two postu-
nts have been received at the house this summer.

✣

The income which will mainly support the house is the
tipend paid by the American Church Mission to Father
Kimura and the allowance for rent. In addition to this there
a small but increasing regular income of donations from
apanese friends of the Society, offerings for anniversary re-
uiems, and other priestly work.

✣

The church at Kiryu is a remodeled mission house which
ood formerly in Maebashi. Father Eric Andrews, who was
charge of the work at its beginning, himself did much of
he work of remodeling, and succeeded in making a thor-
ughly Catholic and rather attractive church out of somewhat
npromising material. Unfortunately, because of the settling
f the foundation and the weakness of the walls, caused by
emoving the second floor and its supports, the building is
ow in a precarious condition. In building the church every
art of the house was utilized in a most interesting and
genious way. The doors, of which there were many, were
ade into panelling for the walls, and out of the chimney
as made the altar. It seems a pity that such an original
ructure must be torn down. But to repair it would cost more
an the value of the structure warrants. Moreover, since it is
ought that the present location is not the best possible one,
seems wise to plan for a new building.

THE postal address of the Japanese Fathers is: The Mission House, 240 Tasagocho, Kiryu, Japan.

✤

THE new house of the American brethren in Tokyo is literally new, having been completed in November, 1935. The owner is in the Japanese consular service, stationed in Mombasa, East Africa. We were fortunate in securing such a good house for such a reasonable rental. The house itself is simple, easy to keep clean, and adapted to our use of it. The garden is small, Japanese in style, but the Father Provincial has schemes already in hand for masses of bright colored zinnias and marigolds. We lack some of the attractiveness of Musashi Sakai: nearness to the open country, spaciousness, a large garden, and a view. But we have certain advantages. We are near the railway. The distance from most of Tokyo is about half what it was to Sakai, which means less time spent in going and coming. The Bishop's second offer of definite work was substitute teaching in St Paul's University, which of course required residence within convenient distance of Ikebukuro. At present Father Viall is undertaking this work, carrying on the courses of two professors who are now on furlough. This provides the Tokyo house with an assured income, which, though temporary, enables us to continue to live while seeking a more permanent source of support. The new address is: 929 7chome, Suginami Ku, Koenji, Tokyo.

✤

KOENJI means tall round temple. Perhaps there was once (there still may be) a round pagoda here. If it still exists, it is well hidden in the mass of houses in this populous quarter of town. Suginami Ku is the Cedar Avenue section of Tokyo.

✤

ON March 25, in the chapel of the house in Kiryu, the Father Provincial clothed Mr Mark Nuki as a novice. He will be known in religion as Brother Mark.

NOTICES OF BOOKS

e Pope from the Ghetto. The Legend of the family of Pier Leone. By Gertrude von Le Fort. Translated from the German by Conrad Bonacina. Cloth, pp. 330. (New York: Sheed & Ward, 1934.) $2.50.

THE grim picturesqueness of a place like San Gemiguano, with its fortress-tower bristling to the sky, still points us back to the days when mighty, rival families fought one another to le over the destinies, not only of cities, but of Popes and Emperors.

Gertrude von Le Fort writes with such simplicity, such vigour and enness of psychological and spiritual insight into the minds and arts of the people of the Middle Ages, that we ourselves seem to living in the Rome of the great and turbulent 12th century.

Were the writer a Jew, she could hardly describe more poignantly d dramatically the misery caused to Roman Jewry by the conversion Christianity of the mighty Pierleone. His wife, Miriam, is indeed great Mother in Israel; and the story of her blind daughter, ophäea, is of almost startling power and pathos.

Altogether, this is a most unusual and outstanding historical novel, ort of epic prose-poem.

A. B.

rchester Pilgrimage. By Ronald A. Knox. Cloth, pp. 278. (New York: Sheed & Ward, 1936.) $2.50.

OF great interest in the history of the English novel has been the slow but steady progress of Anthony Trollope from a position of long neglect to his rightful place among the first d foremost of the Victorian novelists. Therefore, it is with unsated petite that confirmed Trollopians, — and, one would suppose, a od many others, — will lay down this delightful book.

Our Pilgrimage conducts us in leisurely fashion down the years, om the 'seventies to the present day, by means of chapters (really mplete stories in themselves) about the descendants of most of our d friends, such as Johnny Bold, Arthur Gresham, and Mr Crawley- rantley. When we start on our Pilgrimage, Archdeacon Grantley still reigning at Plumstead Episcopi, and indeed over the diocese, th unabated vigour and determination. Even that astonishing siren, e Signora Vesey-Neroni, makes her bow to a more sophisticated age, ll possessed of the same fatal power over the hearts of all eligible ales within the reach of her lures.

One of the many reasons for our affection for Trollope is his own real love for his characters. One feels that to him they actually lived and breathed, and that it was with real regret that he put the finishing touches to one of his books. And Father Knox has so immersed himself in his Trollope, that he not only knows Barchester and its surroundings and all its inhabitants as intimately as did Trollope himself but even his style is delightfully reminiscent of his model or — shall we say? — his predecessor.

Take, for instance, the brief description of Archdeacon Grantley's death: "The old man's last hours were unclouded by regrets and uncertainties; his mind moved much in the past, and once, when he was told the Bishop had called, he asked whether Mrs Proudie had been with him. Then, recollecting himself, he added, 'Ah, but she is dead; I never liked her while she lived, but I dare say she meant no harm.' "

Surnames such as Dr Rantaway, Dr Humme-Haw, and Dr Letham Allcombe are in the true tradition, and indeed have their origin as far back as Shakespeare himself.

Trollope's books are full of excellent letters, possibly in some measure due to his personal interest in St Martin's le Grand, which he long served so efficiently. So I, for one, am glad that a letter, and a good long one, is included in this book, — a letter which is a model of the episcopal ability to say nothing in particular and to say it very well.

If Father Knox's fun is slightly more scintillating, and certainly a bit more caustic at times than kind old Trollope generally permitted himself, it is quite probable that were Trollope writing to-day, it would be much in the same vein.

It is with real regret that we turn the closing pages of this delightful book, and read the last two words: "Mrs Proudie"!

A. B.

The Fellowship of St John

THE Fellowship has for its object the binding into one association of work and prayer those who, while they give of their substance and their energy for the furtherance of the life and work of the Society of St John the Evangelist, desire to have their part in the prayers and other good works that are offered in the Society to Almighty God. The Fellowship is open to the laity, both men and women. The obligations are very simple, consisting mainly of daily prayer for the Society and its works; a regular annual contribution to the Society; and the reception of Holy Communion, with intention for the Society, on the patronal feast of St John *ante Portam Latinam* (May 6), or within the octave.

Further information may be obtained from the Warden-General of the Fellowship, the REVEREND FATHER DALE, S.S.J.E., 162 Hickory Street, San Francisco, California, or from the Fathers at any local House of the Society.

Associates S.S.J.E.

PRIESTS, and such laymen as desire to keep a rule of stricter obligations than that of the Fellowship, are admitted as Associates of the Society of St John the Evangelist, after a short period of probation. The particulars of membership may be obtained upon application to the REVEREND FATHER SUPERIOR, S.S.J.E., 980 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Mass., or to any Provincial Superior of the Society.

Requirements for Postulants

1. We require that those who come to test their vocations with us should bring a baptismal certificate and, in the case of laymen, two references from parish clergy.
2. They must be of sound health, and, if required, be able to furnish a certificate signed by a medical man.
3. They must be free from engagements of debt or marriage.

"As many as receive the Word of God become the sons of God by participation of His grace. It is on this grace of the divine call that we must rely for the accomplishment of any work that we undertake. No one, therefore, can be eligible into our Society unless there be sufficient evidence that he has received a call from God to this life and work; nor is anyone to be rejected because some one particular gift may be wanting to him. God is abundantly able to supply every defect in those to whom His Word comes." *The Rule of Life, Ch. I.*

Those who come to test their vocations in the Religious Life must expect to perform cheerfully whatever duties are assigned to them, to be practised in bearing all kinds of humiliations and to be trained to live simply with the desire of the glory of God. Obedience, humility and fervour in prayer are the certain signs for which we look in every true vocation to the consecrated Life of the Evangelical Counsels.

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CORRESPONDENCE for the Father Superior should be addressed to *St Francis' House, 980 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Mass.*

Donations and subscriptions for the works of the Society are thankfully received. Those designated for any work in the Home Province, or for the Province of the Far East, should be sent directly to the FATHER SUPERIOR, 980 Memorial Drive, Cambridge, Mass.

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I GIVE, *devise and bequeath the sum of..... dollars to the Society of St John the Evangelist, a religious corporation duly organized under the laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and located at 33 Bowdoin Street, Boston, Massachusetts.*